

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious sluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd.

Que. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deliuer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, &
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne deatch, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke
should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues,
more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no aunci-
ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold
vp Adams professon.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.
He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
dooest ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomeyday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter